THE

COW

OF

HASLEMERE;

OR THE

CONJUROR's SCRUTINY

AT

OXFORD.

Sic creſcit Numerus. JUV.

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39
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CONTEMPLATIONS

OF THE

HEAVENLY

CONSTELLATIONS.

THE COW OF *HASLEMERE*, &c.

I.

A Dreadful Cow
Raged at *Dunmow*,
As antient Stories say,
She rav'd and roar'd,
And toss'd and goar'd
Whoever pass'd that Way.

II.

Her Horns and Strength,
And Height and Length,
A gen'ral Terror drew;
Till *Warwick*'s Joy,
The gallant *Guy*,
The mighty Monster slew.

III.

But *Warwick*'s Cow
Was but a Sow,
To this of *Haſlemere*;
To tell her Size
(Without all Lies)
Would ſtrike you ſtiff with Fear,

IV.

One Eye as wide,
As Man can ſtride,
Was in her Forehead fix'd;
And Fire and Smoke
(Without a Joke)
Flew from her Noſtrils mix'd

V.

Her Hide was thick
And hard as Brick,
No Sword could thro' it pierce;
Nor Gunſhot wou'd
Fetch any Blood,
Tho' fir'd e'er ſo fierce.

VI.

No Man could hear
But he muſt Fear
Her loud infernal Roar;
Such horrid Lies
And Blaſphemies,
She bellow'd out and ſwore.

VII.

But what muſt make,
The ſtouteſt quake,
And all with Horror gape,
At one ſtrange Birth
This Cow caſt forth
Eight Calves in human Shape.

VIII.

Then to amaze
And Wonder raiſe,
('Tis a true a Thing I tell ye)
Each Calf did draw,
Againſt all Law,
A Freehold from her Belly.

IX.

For in this Cow,
Each did ſomehow,
A Tenement poſſeſs,
How big this Beaſt
Muſt be at leaſt,
From thence, Sirs, ye may gueſs.

X.

The Crew march'd out
An horrid Rout,
No Bear's Cubs could be bolder!
Each Calf did vote
And ſwear by Rote,
He was a good Freeholder.

IX.

Th' affrighted Borough
With Dread ſtruck thorough,
Were ne'er before ſo cow'd,
But the Beaſt's Crew,
The Bailiff knew,
And each Calf's Vote allow'd.

XII.

This hideous Cow
All Men avow
Who're learn'd in Points Hebraic;
Was with great Pains,
And fertile Brains,
Spun from a Webb Judaic.

XIII.

All Forms we find
Are in the Mind,
As *Plato* right explains,
This Cow of Fame
Then ſurely came,
From *Phil*'s prolifick Brains.

XIV.

A Conqueſt great,
And moſt compleat,
Phil by his Cow obtain'd,
No Combat ſure
Did e'er procure
Such Honour as he gain'd.

Moore

XV.

Moore of *Moore-Hall*,
Was nothing at all,
That kill'd the *Wantley* Dragon,
To *Phil* who ſlew,
By a Cow's Crew,
The Rights which *Britons* brag on.

XVI.

Phil's high Renown,
Through ev'ry Town,
Flew ſwifter than the Sun;
Such magic Art,
Made all Men ſtart,
He had the Dev'l outdone.

XVII.

Not *Canning*'s Bite,
Nor Gypſy's Flight,
Nor yet the conj'ring Bottle;
Not *Bacon*'s Head,
That's long ſince laid,
Nor learned *Ariſtotle*.

XVIII.

Nor ſhe whom *Saul*,
Before his Fall,
Did ſeek and find at *Endor*,
Though ſhe could all
The Spirits call,
And make them quick attend her.

XIX.

Nor Wizard e'er,
Nor Sorcerer,
Before the Flood or ſince;
Could vie with *Phil*,
In magic Skill,
Who's of Magician's Prince.

XX.

In *Oxfordſhire*,
They ſoon did hear
Who ſuch black Art did lack,
Quoth INT'REST NEW,
This *Phil* will do
Our Buſineſs in a Crack.

XXI.

It was agreed - - - - -
With ſwifteſt Speed,
They ſent to this Magician;
" Pray, Sir, come quick
" For we are ſick,
" And want ſuch a Phyſician."

XXII.

Phil heard the News,
And could not chuſe,
But his beſt Art beſtir,
On *Squires'* Broomſtick,
He ſtraddled quick,
And flew to EXETER.

XXIII.

Quoth INT'REST-NEW
We 've ſent for you
Being by far out-poll'd;
To tell us how
To raiſe a Cow
To beat the INT'REST-OLD.

XXIV.

Phil ſcratch'd his Head,
And then he ſaid,
I would my Skill repeat,
Of Cows a Score,
I'd raiſe or more,
Before you ſhould be beat.

But

XXV.

But now my Art
I will impart,
By magic Scrutiny.
I'll *B——l* back,
And surely make
Each COPY-HOLDER free.

XXVI.

Yet ſhould you find,
You're ſtill behind,
Obſerve what I direct,
In ſuch a Cauſe
Ne'er mind the Laws,
To half their Votes object.

XXVII.

Then uſe Delays,
All Sorts of Ways,
To ſtop requalifying;
'Till the Writ's out
Then without Doubt
You're ſure of them deſtroying.

XXVIII.

For *B------l* will
Back'd by my Skill,
At leaſt return it double;
When that is done
Have you not won,
Without all further Trouble?

XXIX.

When you get there
Need you to fear,
The loſing of your Seats?
Don't they know how,
To raiſe a Cow,
That can do wond'rous Feats?

NEW-

XXX.

NEW-INT'REST heard
With great Regard
What *Phil* ſo well had plan'd,
Objections made,
And Time delay'd
And Doublets then obtain'd.

XXXI.

OLD INT'REST ſaw
'Twas againſt Law,
And ev'ry *Britons* Right,
But with twain Evil,
All-black and Devil,
What mortal Men could fight?

XXXII.

Now *Phil*'s great Name,
By buſy Fame,
Flew ſwiftly thro' the Nation,
His Cow was ſoon
Fix'd near the Moon,
The Conj'rors Conſtellation.

XXXIII.

But righteous *Phil*
Remains here ſtill, - - - - - -
And rich Reward doth hope,
Tho' many pray,
And think he may
Receive it by a R----

XXXIV.

But let what will
Become of *Phil*,
All Conjurors ſhall bow,
When they on high
See in the Sky
His celebrated Cow.

When

XXXV.

When Spoon is loſt,
Or Love is croſs'd,
Or Fathers live too long,
When Maids ſhall marry,
Or Wives miſcarry,
Or Cauſe go right or wrong.

XXXVI.

When Fortune will
Be good or ill,
Or Ships ſhall ſafe return;
When Pocket's pick'd
And Miſs has nick'd
You with an am'rous Burn.

XXXVII.

Or when the Fair
Should ſnip their Hair,
Or cut uneaſy Corns,
Wizards ſhall tell
Exactly well
By th' Aſpect of her Horns.

XXXVIII.

As long as Quacks
Or Almanacks,
Or *Britiſh* ſtateſmen blunder,
As long as Laws
Shall have their Flaws,
Phil's Cow ſhall live a wonder.

XXXIX.

As long as Wretches
Shall for Riches
Swear falſly withour Fear,
Each corrupt M------r
Shall remember
The Cow of *Haſlemere*.

Long

XL.

Long as St. *Paul's*
Or *Dunkirk's* Walls,
Or *Keen's* Negotiations laſt,
Bribers of Lies
Shall highly prize
The Calves *Phil's* Cow did caſt.

XLI.

Whilſt Men ſwear bold
That Copyhold
Is Free in *Oxfordſhire*,
They ſhall be fam'd
And ſurely nam'd
The Calves of *Haſſemere*.

XLII.

Whilſt Sheriffs ſhall
Like baſe *B----l*
On *Britiſh* Freedom trample,
This Cow ſhall not
Be e'er forgot,
But live as an Example.

F I N I S.